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THE AVERAGE NET PAID DAILY CIRCULATION OF THE EVENING LEDGER FOR DECEMBER WAS 119,818

Turkey recommends the Kaiser for Nobel Peace Prize—Headline.
Who ever suspected the solemn-voiced Turk of being a jokemith?

It was significant that the first of the ten or fifteen thousand British merchantmen which Germany hopes to send to the bottom was a Dutch vessel.

Hog prices highest since the Civil War—Headline.
This does not refer to the demand of Jefferson Levy for \$500,000 for Monticello, which is worth only \$100,000.

There is not much difference between sinking merchant ships without warning and hospital ships on sight. Germany has announced its intention to do both.

The Mayor has reversed himself on the Camden bridge proposition, but he moves on such a well-oiled pivot that no one knows in which direction he will face next week.

The map showing the boundaries set by Germany's last note for the safe travel of neutral vessels gives one a very good idea of what "freedom of the seas" doesn't mean.

Now that the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals is placing individual cups in horse-troughs, arrangements should be made for individual napkins. Tooth brushes could follow later.

It is to be hoped that the Auditor General at Harrisburg will not be compelled to keep his office open after hours to accommodate the contributors to the conscience fund. Every little counts, however, even that \$4.17 for gasoline taken "inadvertently" from the State Highway Garage.

With Charles S. Calwell, president of the Corn Exchange National Bank, as chairman of the Publicity Committee of the Chamber of Commerce, we may expect in the future to find some of the "punch" of the Corn Exchange Advance in the Journal of the Chamber of Commerce.

Neutral ships navigating these blockade zones do so at their own risk. Although care has been taken that neutral ships which are on their way toward ports of the blockade zones on February 1, 1917, and which have come to the vicinity of the latter, will be spared during a sufficiently long period, it is strongly advised to warn them with all available means in order to cause their return. But it is impossible not to read in this warning the veiled threat of an attack as unparadonable as that upon the Lusitania.

NO HAIR-TRIGGER ACTION

THE President is keeping his head. He met the newspaper men in Washington yesterday afternoon and told them that there was nothing to announce. This means that he is still studying the German note and that he will not act until he has considered the question from every possible angle.

This evidence that the Government of the United States is not to go off half-cocked should be calming. There is to be no hair-trigger action in Washington. If the President can afford to wait and think, the rest of us, who have neither his knowledge of the situation nor his responsibility for the protection of the honor of the nation, ought also to be able to keep our heads.

FIGHTING IT OUT ON THE SEA

THE armies have failed to produce decisive results. There has been a virtual deadlock on land for more than two years. The sea blockade of Germany has been effective. It is bringing the Central Empire to the point of starvation. This is manifest in spite of all the statements to the contrary that have come from Berlin. Germany's only hope of salvation apparently lies in breaking the sea power of the Allies.

This is the explanation of the new German move. It is a desperate move, as all the expressions of opinion from Germany indicate. The Imperial Chancellor on the afternoon of the announcement of the Reichstag that "Germany accepts the challenge to fight to a finish and is staking everything." An official attached to the German embassy in Washington said yesterday afternoon that Germany had considered all the consequences of her course, including the possibility of a break with the United States, and had decided to risk everything.

It has been evident from the beginning that the power that dominated the sea would win the ultimate victory, for neither the Entente nor the Central Alliance is sufficient unto itself. They must get supplies from the neutral nations over the great water highways or they will starve. England is said to have food enough to last her about a month.

Therefore, Germany is trying to cut her off from the rest of the world. Frightfulness upon the sea, unprecedented disregard of all the old international understandings, are to be resorted to in this attempt to break the power of the Allied navies. The stake is so great that Germany is willing to risk the friendship of the whole world on a single throw.

Whether she succeeds or fails, the importance of sea power will be magnified beyond all previous proportions and the lesson will be writ so large that no maritime nation can fail to see its significance.

PASS THE WEBB BILL

THE Webb bill, passed by the House of Representatives by a vote of 8 to 1 several months ago and now before the Senate, should be passed at this session of Congress. It should not be permitted to go over until the next session for two reasons: First, because the facilities it offers for the extension of American foreign trade are too valuable to be withheld from the American business men for any length of time, and second, because the measure is in line with the most advanced thought and methods of present-day economics.

The bill provides for the exemption of combinations of capital engaged in foreign trade from the operation of the Sherman anti-trust law. As such it embodies the recognition of the fact that it is impossible to stem the evolution of economic forces making for concentration and combination by the passage of statutes contradictory to the inexorable laws of industrial development. As pointed out by Mr. Steinmetz in the EVENING LEDGER, the fundamental principle of present-day commercial organization is co-operation. Germany has led the way in social and industrial co-operation. Her enemies, in order to save themselves from defeat, have been obliged to pay her the most worthy compliment of all—the compliment of imitation. The movement has assumed tremendous proportions in Great Britain. Never again will England return to the good old days of rampant competition and individualism. The United States, therefore, cannot afford to lag behind. Perhaps, after the benefits of the Webb bill, if it becomes law—and there is every indication it will—be observed, we may apply its provisions to domestic conditions and substitute more scientific regulation for the futile policy of trust busting.

Incidentally observe the joke played by progress upon the Democratic party, the ancient exponent of competitive doctrine, "State rights and individual liberty." For it is that party which has, in some fortuitous circumstances, been the chief beneficiary of progress, and it is that party which has, in some other circumstances, been the chief beneficiary of the Democratic party.

ANATOLE FRANCE MEETS A TOURIST

French Author Tells What the New Baedeker of Paris Must Include to Be Accurate

By HENRI BAZIN
Special Correspondence Evening Ledger

PARIS, Jan. 16. I HAVE had the honor of being received by the dean of French letters, and perhaps the most exalted living literary light in the world, Anatole France, of the Academie Francaise.

At his express desire, I avoid comment in eulogy upon him, reserving within the closet of an inextinguishable memory my impressions as to his personality and the simple charm of his reception.

M. France no longer lives in Paris, having definitely removed a year ago from Villa Saïd, close to the Bois de Boulogne, to his country home near the Commune de St. Cyr, in the province of Indre et Loire. At present he is stopping at a Paris hotel, having voyaged to the capital to attend the annual session of the academy.

The master has never been interviewed. In my case he made a special exception, upon the solicitation of several of his friends. My visit was consequently but a call, in which I paid my respects, and not an interview at all. It only enabled me to pass a few all too short minutes in his aged eminent courtly company and listen to that which he said to me, after receiving his permission to publish its substance in the United States. I give it below in verbatim translation:

"I noticed him from my carriage," said he. "It was upon the Avenue de l'Opera a day or two ago. He was walking slowly and treading the sidewalk solidly. He was, I could tell at a glance, a foreigner. He seemed very much at ease and genuinely interested in all about him, as I, interested in him, called my coachman to pull up at the curb that I might look more closely at him.

"As my carriage stopped, he hesitated, all unconscious of having attracted me, seemed to reflect, and took from his pocket a book, in red binding, imply attached to his leaves. Before he had opened it, I recognized it, for very often I had traveled with its counterpart, the tourist's guide, the Baedeker.

"In pride of our France I watched him, reflecting that even in the midst of war Paris remained a mecca for his kind, while Berlin, in the lack thereof, sensed its coming position as capital of a defeated Prussian barbarism.

"As I signaled to drive on, the young man, oblivious of observation, was intent upon his Baedeker; upon a very model and methodical guidebook indicative of a very complete Teutonic spying out; intent upon the geographical and historical record of Paris, to be purchased in any bookshop for a few francs!

Disproves the Baedekerism of Baedeker. "But I wondered if its young tourist reader, despite its perfection of ensemble of tourist knowledge, realized that it was an out-of-date guidebook after all! For it would tell him that upon the Arc de Triomphe, Rude had sculptured the slinging of the Marseillaise, but not that presently beside it would be carved the story of the Marne, the Meuse, the Somme and Verdun.

"It would tell him of the tombs under the Pantheon, but it would not mention the newest there, that of Gallieni, or what that new tomb meant to France. It would tell him the history-brief of the Louvre, that it was an ancient palace of kings, but not a word about the kingly people of the France of 1916 encircling it.

"It would tell him of Notre Dame, of its gargoyles, its ancient glass, but nothing of the beautiful truth that the Cathedral of Paris has been consecrated anew in the silent uplifted prayers of a populace, become anew a shrine of hope and consolation to the grief of France. Why go further? With these examples I disprove the Baedekerism of my young tourist's Baedeker. It is obsolete!

"For today a guide to Paris should tell more than prosaic repetition of the capital's beauties; still telling of them in the detail of a Baedeker, of course, but pointing, too, at their new significance; a significance that embellishes the loveliness of Paris and adds luster to its monuments—the devotion, the spirit, the soul, the patriotism of the capital and the nation, the now uncovered beauty of our race who, in their sacrifices and silent courage, are a revelation to the world, whose virtues of sorrow and unity have become the most sacred treasures among all the treasures of France."

A PEACEFUL RETURN

There will be considerably less excitement about the return of General Pershing's expedition than there was about its going forth, and if excitement was a national advantage this expedition was a national disadvantage. But there cannot be many Americans who are not well satisfied to have the troops come out of Mexico, without any territorial conquests to brag about and without leaving very many of their number behind the border. Mexico might have been the grave of thousands of soldiers and of two or three venerable American principles of fair play and friendly dealing. That catastrophe has been avoided and we can get along without any more great battles for the school histories.—San Francisco Bulletin.

I SHOULD HAVE KNOWN

This charven column wherason monstere cling And twist among themselves with ravening jaws. They seem to pant, and grip with mighty claws, And from each other anguished cries to wring— This was my soul before it knew thyself, Oh! thou the ever new, the ever old; Who camest forth to me from deeps of self, Ardor between thy hands and joy untold, I breathe a scent of faint familiar fowls' Within thy heart that sleep; And thrifty memory drinks deep Of kindred echoes from past years of ours; At the same instants in our childhood, 'twas thou, Unknown to us, we have wept; We must have known like gladness and like fears, Like trysts with grief have kept; Long since was I bound to thee as thine own.

THE VOICE OF THE PEOPLE

How Camden Ferries Serve Philadelphia—Atlantic City Opinion of Kuehnle

This Department is free to all readers who wish to express their opinions on subjects of public interest. It is an open forum, and the Evening Ledger assumes no responsibility for the views of its correspondents. Letters should be signed by the writer, and address of the writer, not necessarily for publication, but as a guarantee of good faith.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE EVENING LEDGER: Sir—Being a progressive Camdenite and a regular reader of your valuable paper, especially your editorials and letters, may I, through your columns, be permitted to voice my opinion relative to your editorial in this evening's edition under the heading "Three Cheers for the Barriers?"

I wonder if the esteemed Mayor of your city ever happened to be in the vicinity of the Market street ferries any working day between the hours of 6 and 8 a. m., or 8 and 8 p. m. to notice the number of so-called Philadelphia wage-earners who are employed in the various Camden business enterprises, or still later in the morning to notice the number of mothers, wives and daughters of our wage-earners traveling to your city on shopping tours to whom your well-managed business houses offer their utmost courtesy in recognition of their patronage; or still later to watch the crowds of young folk patronizing your theatres and cafes in quest of an outlet for their hard-earned dollars?

If the bridge proposition was put before Mr. Kuehnle I venture to say that his confident he would term it a very good investment of mutual benefit to all concerned. I thank you for your unswerving interest in all public improvements in our city as well as in Philadelphia.

C. R. FRICKITT, Camden, January 29.

WAKE UP!

TO THE EDITOR OF THE EVENING LEDGER: Sir—As to the relation of the eight-hour day to the high cost of living, I would like to say it is like a small drop of water in a cup of truth. The European war is no excuse for increased cost of foodstuffs. As the cost of living was going up, up and up some years before the eight-hour day idea, the issue of January 31 contains a description of the pet dream of Louis Kuehnle, of Atlantic City, of the reintroduction in Atlantic City of the sale of rum on Sunday and all the crimes which naturally follow it, and a councilmanic form of government in place of the present admirable commission form of government. With reference to this idle dream of Mr. Kuehnle I venture to say that no thoughtful and sane man supports Kuehnle's idea. Like any other town, Atlantic City has a number of thoughtless and irresponsible persons who do not like the present orderly condition in Atlantic City and who prefer a Kuehnle form of government with all its dastardly and damnable phases, such as stuffing, blackmailing, Councilmen, blackmailing by officers of the law, ballot-box stuffing, ballot-box stealing, repeating and vote buying by the thousands, the flourishing of gambling and disorderly houses all over the town, a Kuehnle grand jury, a Kuehnle petit jury, a Kuehnle county judge and a Kuehnle prosecuting attorney. In connection with this matter it will probably be interesting to repeat for the information of the reading public what some New Yorkers had to say about Kuehnle's faithful Councilman. An Atlantic City business man some years ago, after considerable trouble, succeeded in inducing some New Yorkers to come to Atlantic City for the purpose of investing money in Atlantic City real estate. After having visited the different parts of the city, they met some of Kuehnle's subservient Councilmen, and this is what the New Yorkers said about Kuehnle's chief legislators: "If we didn't know the men, we would be afraid to meet them on a dark night in a dark alley."

The thoughtful people of Atlantic City have had an excellent taste of honest and successful business men who have been driven out of the city by the Kuehnle form of government.

ALL POINTS OF THE COMPASS

Rubaiyat of a Commuter XLVI I sometimes think it would be something to dwell like Babies in some Pleasant Land Where when you want a Thing you yell for it, And there you find it—ready to your Hand!

THE NEW YORK SUN, illuminating, as usual, with a headline over a telegraphic dispatch saying, "Save the Lobsters. Instead of being dated from Washington, as we had confidently hoped—that being the place where a lot of 'em need saving—Augusta, Me. On observing this our interest flagged appreciably.

And our own blessed under-the-evening-lamp newspaper volunteers information concerning the injury to Carl Schneider, upon whom in an unthinking moment a locomotive inflicted serious injuries. The E. L. says in part: "Schneider was injured several weeks ago, presumably by being hit by a locomotive going in the opposite direction." As is our wont, when we are in search of definite information, we ran immediately to headquarters, and approaching James Miliken, the genial but efficient superintendent of the motive power of the Pennsylvania Railroad, we said, "Sir, we desire to observe a locomotive going in the opposite direction." Leading us carefully to the elevator, he instructed us to take the device to direct us to the main exit. Thus again was our desire for knowledge fulfilled.

Yet, speaking of things running in the opposite direction, we observed Victor du Pont one day trying to make his motor car run up a peculiarly slippery hill. It started all right and got half way up when its courage seemed to wane. It promptly slid back to the bottom of the decline. Again he tried to coax her to go up, and again she romped gayly back. "All right," exclaimed Vic, "dogdoggata, if you want to back up, back up." Thereupon he turned the car around and backed up the hill successfully. By which little tale we see that business may sometimes overcome stupidity.

THE FIRST VICTIM



ing of city saloons on Sunday, the closing of gambling and disorderly houses, and from what I know of them they stand ready to fight bitterly any man or any combination of men and, if necessary, send some more of the corrupt politicians to the State prison in order to secure further for themselves the benefits derived from having their earnings in the city conducted in an honest and businesslike manner.

THE PEOPLE OF ATLANTIC CITY have not forgotten the garbage plan graft, the asphalt paving graft, the concrete boardwalk graft, and with regard to Charles S. Moore, the present prosecuting attorney of whom this fellow Kuehnle speaks so lightly, I don't hesitate to say that he is an exceptionally honest, able and fearless prosecuting attorney, and the County of Atlantic is to be congratulated on having a man like him in the office which he now holds, and this because Mr. Moore is shared by all honest citizens.

OBJECTS TO DEATH PENALTY TO THE EDITOR OF THE EVENING LEDGER: God bless "B. B." of Reading, for his views on capital punishment published in the EVENING LEDGER on January 26. If our God's talk to Noah is to be obeyed, then let every man be a murderer, as Moses in Levit., xii, 9-10. And no pork would ever be eaten if God's command recorded in Levit., xi, 7, was obeyed. Why, oh why, oh why one and doobey almost all the other ones?

Without the brute nature calls for revenge every moment for the innocent ones who are deprived of support. Why not compel a murderer to give all the rest of his life toward redeeming the awful error he has made? Not one in a thousand murderer would have the cruelty to have penned up his victim, set a day to kill him, and several days before the date have a death patrol reminding his intended victim every moment what legalized death. Yet that's exactly what legalized murderers do, then put themselves on the shoulder, lift their eyes toward heaven and say, "We have only done as God commanded us." Hell has no other punishment for a demon who could invent greater tortures. Hoping the day will soon come when capital punishment and war are both ended and all are brothers in the earnest prayer of MRS. LIZZIE FRESHFAR, Riverside, Pa., January 28.

WHAT DO YOU KNOW?

Queries of general interest will be answered in this column. Ten questions, the answers to which every well-informed person should know, are asked daily.

ANSWERS TO YESTERDAY'S QUIZ

- 1. Where is it?
2. Who was Henry Melchior Muhlenberg?
3. What are "halcyon days"?
4. In England what is a "C. O."?
5. Two United States Ambassadors are named "Fage." Who are they?
6. What is Major General Wood's attitude toward the National Guard system?
7. What is a ton-mile?
8. Who were the Andromeda?
9. What merchant vessels of the Central Powers are interned in this port?
10. What and where is Terschelling Freshet?

QUESTIONS ANSWERED

H. E. R.—There is no charge for answering queries. The questions about Doctor Fell, Susan Coolidge and "Ben Machree" have been answered.

REDCROSS NURSE

M. L. C.—The American Red Cross Society, 221 South Eighteenth street, furnishes the information that to become a Red Cross nurse it is necessary to be a graduate registered nurse (if your State requires registration), with at least two years' hospital experience, or about six years' study and experience in all. It is not sending units to Europe at present.

ATHENS AND NEWCASTLE

QUID—"Carrying coals to Newcastle" and "Sending owls to Athens" are two proverbial equivalents in meaning, which is to do what is superfluous, extravagant or wasteful. Newcastle has vast coal fields, and the owl was so abundant in Athens that it became the emblem of the city. The saying about the owl was a proverb already in the time of Plato.

BETHOVEN'S "FIDELIO"

L. Y.—(a) "Fidelio" was Beethoven's only opera. (b) The invention of the telescope in its simplest wooden form is generally accredited to Laennee, a French physician. In its present binocular form, with flexible rubber joints, it was invented by Doctor Cammas, of New York.

SAM LOYD'S PUZZLE

THE answer to each of the following questions is a word containing "CAT":
What cat means a terrible event?
What cat means a cave for burial?
What cat means a book of questions and answers?
What cat means a list of names in order?
What cat means a western town?
What cat means without defect?
What cat means to seize?
What cat means sudden suppression of motion?
What cat means a waterfall?
What cat means a sauce?

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THE full names of the four girls are:
1. Ann Jones, May Robinson, Jane Smith and Kate Brown. It is only by the distribution of the names that the problem will work out.

Tom Daly's Column

TRYING TIMES
Gosh all hemlock! here I be
Fremblin' in my breeches,
While from far across the sea
Wilhelm's eagle screeches,
Goldrurned late for shoppin' nose,
But I do declare
We hev got to show 'em how
Home-folks kin prepare.

Fust of all we got to git
Tight hold of our senses
And not start explodin' yet
Till the fight commences.
'Taint no use to blow and brag;
Let's keep 'em calm and steady,
And will some one kindly gag
That thar feller Teddy?

CANNED OPENERS

Predigested Priddles Prepared for Post-prandial Prattlers
This department, designed, as it is, to aid those unexpectedly called upon to speak at dinners, must not overlook even the most unlikely eventuality.

Now the Celts pronounce the "C" hard, as in "corned beef and cabbage" and so many natural and eager speakers in their own ranks it is hardly probable that a non-Celt would be asked by them to orate, but we are assuming that a pupil, a non-Celt, is to speak at the annual dinner of the Close Corporation of Celts. The pupil will arise and say:

"Hoors! Bogorra, be jabers, but I'm glad to be wid yee. I am not Irish myself, but if I were I would not be ashamed of it. At least I would make the best of it, for none of us should be blamed for anything we cannot control—except our tempers. I am reminded here of a story. It seems there was a witty Englishman, who, when asked to sum up briefly his notion of the Irish, replied: "The Irish question is, 'How can I manage to enjoy all the privileges of the English without practicing any of their virtues?'"

This will give the pupil a good start and from here he will be able to see his finish.

WHICH, by the way, reminds us of an old one. "Ah!" said the flatterer, "so you're Irish. Sir, if I were not a Frenchman I would wish to be Irish." "You don't tell me? Well, if I wasn't an Irishman I'd wish I was one."

THE WEAKNESS OF STRENGTH

A lion tamer bold was he,
And fear and he were strangers,
With accents before his eye would flee;
He braved all sort of dangers.
The lions quailed when he came near,
Simply from force of habit,
And yet he stood in deadly fear
Of just one small Welsh rabbit!

OUR POOR LITTLE VAPORINGS UPON THE SUBJECT OF SUFFRAGE HAVE STIRRED JANE D. TO HALL US AS ONE "UNSYMPATHETIC TO STRUGGLING HUMANITY."

OUR sympathy is so strong we yearn to keep the women out of the struggle. If those whose sweet feminine grace gives more than a touch of paradise to our little house should express a desire for something that could be had only at the polls, we'd count it our duty, as well as our pleasure, to go and fetch it for them and save them the trip. We're not the fellow you and your sisters need to bother about.

LOCAL ITEMS

Doctor Peter Lane is going to Florida Sunday for a short stay. First off, he thought some of going duck-hunting, but he says he doesn't like what the ducks say to him when he misses 'em and they fly away, over his head.

Some of the P. R. T. cars have their numbers painted right in the middle of their roofs. One of our bright young men thinks it may be a German trick for the guidance of Zeppelins. On the other hand, says C. Sykes, storks sometimes visit trolley cars.

"Intolerance" is showing at one of our movie houses; and that's what we'd be accused of if we said what we think about it.

Alec McKay was talking with Walter Cox about the German note. "I see," says he, "that they insist on freedom for the Irish and Indians." "Synonymous" said Walter, whatever that means.

The filthy condition of our streets is unusual, as usual.

Sometimes one comes upon something that is so very fine that one would rather keep it all to one's self. One of these is Josephine Preston Peabody's ballad of "The Market." Here it is:

I went to Market yesterday,
And it is like a Fair
Of everything you'd like to see;
But nothing live is there:
The Pigeons, hanging up to eat;
And Rabbits, by their little feet;
And no one seemed to care.

And there were Fishes out in rows,
And beautiful great Birds to eat;
Some were pink, and silver, too;
But all of them were blind.
Yes, everything you'd like to touch,
It would not make you happy much,
But no one seemed to mind.

And loveliest of all, a Deer—
Only its eyes were blurred;
And hanging by its very ears,
A beautiful great Bird to eat;
So I could smooth his feathers through,
And kiss him, very softly, too;
But oh, he never stirred!

BALLYMENA

Dear Tom—I was talking to a good fellow, Dr. J. Stanislaus Logue—who who has just returned from a trip to his birthplace in Ireland, where he went to visit his mother. Doctor Logue, you know, really had a delicate time of it to get back to America, because he had taken out his final naturalization papers after the outbreak of the present war, but that is another story.

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AT LEAST THE GROUNDING WILL BE IN THE SHADOW OF WAR